

2009

2010

2011

WINNING AUTHORS

**CYCLE 01**



EUROPEAN UNION  
PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

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Luxembourg: Publications Office of the European Union, 2023

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Print  
ISBN 978-92-68-06618-8  
doi:10.2766/434831  
NC-05-23-102-EN-C

PDF  
ISBN 978-92-68-06681-2  
doi:10.2766/550806  
NC-05-23-102-EN-N

Can you imagine a European literary Prize, covering the 40 or so countries taking part in the Creative Europe programme, with the ambition of raising the profile and recognition of authors who have received little or no translation? And if so, how can it be organised and how can the authors receiving this unique award be promoted? Since 2009, the organisers, with financial support from the European Union, have been tackling this almost impossible task.

The task is to find trustworthy and experienced contacts in the various participating countries, so as to be able to put the spotlight on the author who will represent his or her literature. But not all at the same time, as it is not possible to make such a selection from so many countries each year, so it was decided to work in three-year cycles, with all countries represented once per cycle.

Each year, between eleven and fourteen countries take part in the selection of authors who have published between two and four works of fiction and

who have not yet been discovered by publishers in other countries, whether in Europe or beyond.

Over the years, the Prize has changed, but the rules for selecting authors have remained the same. The vast majority of the authors featured in this compilation have been translated into many European languages and beyond. The Prize is therefore achieving its objective of highlighting new European works and introducing new readers to the talents of neighbouring countries (in the broadest sense).

The Prize organisers would like to thank all those who have been associated with this prize since its inception, who have selected the books, promoted the authors, translated them and introduced them to new readers.

The authors' bibliographical notes refer to the date on which they took part in the prize. For longer translated extracts, please visit the Prize website.

Long live literature, long live Europe!

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# 2009

Winning Authors



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## AUSTRIA

**Paulus Hochgatterer**  
**Die Süße des Lebens**  
*The Sweetness of Life*  
 Deuticke Verlag, 2006



### BIOGRAPHY

**Paulus Hochgatterer, born in 1961, lives as a writer and child therapist in Vienna. He has received various literary prizes and commendations and is the author of several novels and story collections.**

### SYNOPSIS

A six-year-old girl is drinking cocoa and playing Ludo with her grandfather when the doorbell rings. Her grandfather goes to the door, gets his coat, and goes out. When her grandfather doesn't come back, the little girl puts on her jacket and goes out to find him. She follows some footprints and finds her grandfather's body on the ramp that leads to their barn. The little girl goes home and says nothing for the next few days. However, the body is discovered the morning after the murder, and detective superintendent Ludwig Kovacs has to solve this case and the spate of animal killings which follow. This novel is really about harming children through trauma, violence and cruelty, and it's about the pain that parents and elders can cause.

“



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Ich esse Kartoffelpüree mit gebackenen Zwiebelringen. Lore hat es gekocht. Es schmeckt ziemlich o.k., vor allem die Ringe. Trotzdem ist sie eine Polackenhure.

*I'm eating mashed potatoes with fried onion rings. Lore cooked it. It tastes alright, especially the onion rings. She's still a Polish whore all the same.*  
 (Translated by Jamie Bulloch)

”



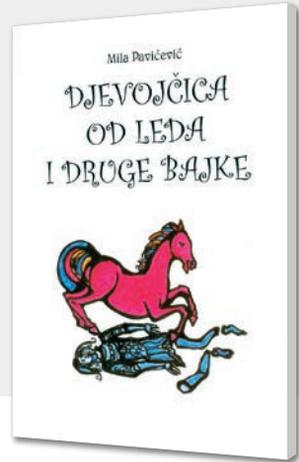

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**CROATIA**


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**Mila Pavićević**  
**Djevojčica od leda i druge bajke**  
*Ice Girl and Other Fairy Tales*

Naklada Bošković, 2006


**BIOGRAPHY**

**Mila Pavićević was born in Dubrovnik on 4 July 1988. She reads Comparative literature and Greek language and literature at the Zagreb University. She received several literary awards for young writers in Croatia.**

**SYNOPSIS**

The book, entitled *Ice girl and other fairy tales* and consisting of 13 stories, is a clever combination of the miraculous and supernatural intertwined with the real. It's written in such a way that there is no obvious separation or contrast between the real and the invented, between possible and impossible.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

“ Svaki put kada umre klaun, njegov crveni nos pretvori se u zvijezdu. (Sve one tvore zvijezde Velikog igrača koje se vidi samo s druge strane sjevera.) Dok mu nos svijetli u noći, besmrtni duh klauna otiđe u Zemlju Mjeseca i ondje se odmara od svojih šala...

*Every time a clown dies, his red nose turns into a star. (All of those stars make up the Great Player constellation that can be seen only from the other side of the North.) While his nose is burning bright in the night, the immortal spirit of the clown goes to the Land of the Moon, where it rests from his jokes...*

*(Translated by Nikola Đuretić)* ”

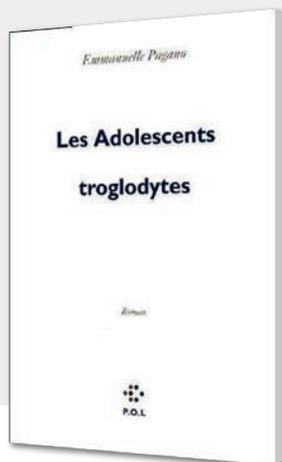



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**FRANCE**


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**Emmanuelle Pagano**  
**Les Adolescents**  
**troglodytes**  
*The Cave teenagers*  
 Editions P.O.L., 2007

**BIOGRAPHY**

**Emmanuelle Pagano was born in Aveyron in September 1969. Today she lives in Ardeche, with her three children, born in April 1991, September 1995 and May 2003. She graduated in Fine Arts, and has conducted university research in the field of aesthetics in film and multimedia.**

**SYNOPSIS**

Adele, the narrator and main protagonist of *The Cave teenagers*, was born with a male body but subsequently underwent surgery to become the woman she now is. The story relates how she returns to her home region and takes a job driving the local school bus. Two lakes are mentioned in the extract. One is an artificial lake under which now lies the farm where Adele was born and spent her childhood, with her parents and her brother Axel. The other is a natural, volcanic lake where she often goes to spend time on her own. It is beside this lake that the extract opens.

**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Près du lac il y a un terre-plein où je peux me garer. Au bord un pommier. Les pommes pourries au sol passent sous les roues, s'y collent écrasées et molles. Je descends, j'en ramasse deux, mûres à point.

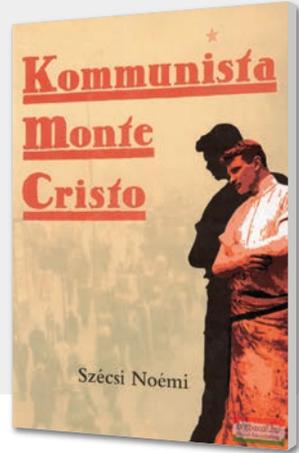
*Close to the lake there's open ground where I can park. At the edge of it, an apple-tree. The rotten apples on the ground stick to the tyres that crush them to pulp. I get out and pick two that are perfectly ripe.*  
 (Translated by Liam Hayes)



## HUNGARY

Noémi Szécsi  
**Kommunista  
 Monte  
 Cristo**  
*Communist Monte  
 Cristo*

Tericum, 2006



### BIOGRAPHY

Noémi Szécsi (1976), is a writer and a translator. She graduated with a degree in Finnish and English in Budapest and studied cultural anthropology in Helsinki. She published her first novel, *Finn-Ugrian Vampire* in 2002. The script was short-listed by the workshop of the Sundance Institute. Besides being a historical novel and a saga of a family, *Communist Monte Cristo* is an artistic interpretation of the history of a communist idea in Hungary based on elaborate research.

### SYNOPSIS

It is late July, 1919! Sanyi, an assistant labourer of the Communist Party, sets out for Vienna to carry out a secret mission. He has the destiny of the proletarian revolution in his hands. But the revolution soon fails and all of his activity becomes illegal. The dramatic changes set in motion a bloody comedy complete with strange disguises and false identities. He starts again, building a new life with a wife, a daughter and two sons, but keeping secret his real communist self even from his own family. Despite all the differences within this right-wing family, by 1945 Sanyi's only aim was to keep them alive. He survives the bloody decades of Hungarian history up until 1956. After almost 40 years of devotion to the Communist cause, Sanyi starts to have his doubts... The novel turns the elements of the original Monte Cristo story upside down, for it is not a tale about revenge but about political stupidity.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

A dédnagyapám 1919-ben egy július végi napon indult el Bécsbe. A jobb kezében egy papírbőrönd tele diadémokkal, tiarával meg bogláros kösöntyűvel, a balban sétapálca. Szívében rettegés. Szívében szerelem.

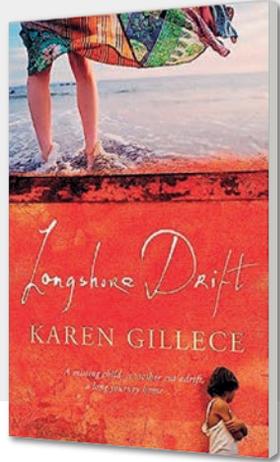
*My great-grandfather set off for Vienna in 1919, on a day in late July. In his right hand he held a paper suitcase full of diadems, tiaras, clover-shaped earrings; in his left, a walking-stick. In his heart, dread. In his heart, love.*  
 (Translated by David Robert Evans)



## IRELAND

### Karen Gillece *Longshore Drift* *Dérive littorale*

Hachette Books Ireland,  
2006



### BIOGRAPHY

**Karen Gillece was born in Dublin in 1974. She studied Law at University College Dublin and worked for several years in the telecommunications industry before turning to writing full-time. She was shortlisted for the Hennessy New Irish Writing Award in 2001, and her short stories have been widely published in literary journals and magazines.**

### SYNOPSIS

In the blink of an eye, in a busy Brazilian marketplace, a small boy disappears without a trace... His mother's free-living existence, travelling South America with her lover and son, comes to a sudden, brutal end. Two years later, broken from searching for her missing son, Nacio, and desolate at her lover's departure, Lara returns to her childhood home on the southwest coast of Ireland. As she struggles to come to terms with her loss, Lara once again befriends Christy, her childhood sweetheart, who finds himself increasingly drawn to her bohemian nature. But what starts as an interest in her past grows into an obsession. As Lara tries to piece her life back together, never losing hope for Nacio, Christy begins to fall apart. *Longshore Drift* is a tale of passion and betrayal, of the consequences of searching for love in all the wrong places, and of a heartbroken mother's unswerving conviction that her child will be returned to her - even when all hope seems to be gone.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

The drive home was subdued. Jim slept in the the backseat and Sorcha gazed out the window at the darkness. His own head was heavy with wine, and he drove slowly, cautiously, the headlights swinging out over the narrow, twisting roads. Sorcha's hand moved and came to rest on his thigh, stroking softly.

*Le trajet du retour fut maussade. Jim dormait à l'arrière et Sorcha contemplait la nuit au dehors. Lui avait la tête lourde d'avoir bu un peu trop de vin. Il conduisait lentement, avec prudence. La lumière des phares dansait sur les routes étroites et sinieuses. Sorcha tendit la main et la posa sur sa cuisse qu'elle caressa doucement.*

(Translated by Dominique LeMeur)




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**ITALY**


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**Daniele Del Giudice**  
**Orizzonte mobile**  
*Movable Horizon*

 Giulio Einaudi Editore,  
 2009

**BIOGRAPHY**

**Daniele Del Giudice was born in Rome in 1949. He lives in Venice, where he teaches at the Theatre Faculty of the University Institute of Architecture. Daniele el Giudice's books have won the following awards: the Viareggio Prize in 1983; the 1995 Bagutta Prize; the Selezione Campiello Prize in 1995 and 1997; and the Accademia dei Lincei award for fiction in 2002.**

**SYNOPSIS**

As he narrates his own Antarctic expedition, Daniele Del Giudice recalls the notebooks of other courageous expeditions that are unknown to most. These are the last true adventure writers who have created the myth and the memory of the Unknown Land and possess an often tragic and emblematic fate as they are pushed to their limits. Del Giudice travels to the 'deepest and furthest' parts of South Antarctica. Exploring the area, he finds stored in its ice the history of what has lived there and those who have sought to reach it. This is a trip beyond all sense of time, set in a hypnotising landscape, indifferent to man but with a sublime beauty. They are places, stories, days, years and geological eras that defy simple linear narration. It's a natural ancient landscape that stratifies everything and crystallises every memory. This book is the poem of these simultaneous worlds.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

... lui incespicava sui sassi senza piú badarmi, con quell'aria affannata da 'I'm late, I'm late', finché dovette convincersi che i suoi genitori erano partiti via mare lasciandolo lí: soltanto allora si voltò verso l'acqua e pieno di sconforto e disgusto si buttò.

... he was stumbling along over the stones without paying any further attention to me, with that breathless air of 'I'm late, I'm late', until he must have convinced himself that his parents had gone off into the sea leaving him behind: only then did he turn toward the water and, dejected and distraught, threw himself in.  
 (Translated by Anne Milano Appel)



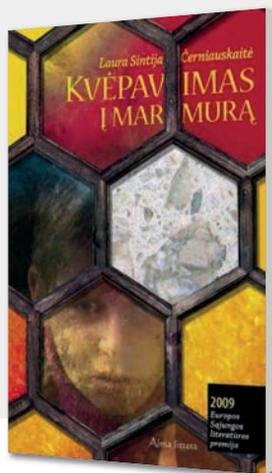

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**LITHUANIA**


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**Laura Sintija  
Černiauskaitė**  
**Kvėpavimas į  
marmurą**  
*Breathing into Marble*

Alma Littera, 2006


**BIOGRAPHY**

Prose writer, playwright. She was born in Vilnius in 1976. In 1996, she studied Lithuanian language and literature in Vilnius University. She worked as a freelance publicist, as a language editor and as a journalist. In 2001, her play *Liberate the Golden Foe* (*Išlaisvink auksinį kumeliuką*) was the winner of the competition organized by The Fairies Theatre and Vilnius University. In 2003, *Liučė Skates* (*Liučė čiuožia*) a prose and plays selection, ranks among the 12 best books of the year. In 2004, *Liučė Skates* (*Liučė Čiuožia*) won the first prize in the Berlin international play fair TheatreTrefen.

**SYNOPSIS**

*Breathing into Marble* is the fourth book by this young and talented writer. But it is her first novel, a well-crafted drama about painful solitude, family, and relationships between men and women. Černiauskaitė writes about yearning, about unused intimacy, about the gentleness and burdens of the heart, about life, about something from below and something from above. This is the story of a young mother named Isabelle and her young family, which adopts a six-year-old boy who is unable to put down roots in his new family and kills his ill adopted brother. It's a romantic ballad with the plot of a thriller. It's a deep psychological analysis of a mother's soul. It's a book full of so many strong emotions that it is almost possible to feel the characters breathing down your back while you read it.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

„Į VAIKŲ globos namų teritoriją ateidavo lapė. Ne pro spragą pinučių tvoroje, o, kaip visi, pro vartus. Tarp kamienų lyg dažuose pamirkytas teptukas šmėkštelėdavo šermukšnių spalvos kailis.“

*A fox had been wandering into the grounds of the children's home. Not through a gap in the wattle fence, but through the gate like anybody else. Its fur, red like a paintbrush dipped in ashberry-colored paint, would flash between the tree trunks as it arrived.*

(Translated by Jūra Avižienis)



## NORWAY

**Carl Frode Tiller**  
**Innsirkling**  
*Encirclement*  
 Aschehoug, 2007



### BIOGRAPHY

**Carl Frode Tiller (born in 1970) is an author, historian and musician. Tiller debuted in 2001 with the novel *Skranninga* (*Downward Slope*), which was recognised as the best initial work of the year with the Tarjei Vesaas' Debut Prize. In 2007, Tiller was awarded the Brageprisen and the Norwegian Critics Prize for Literature for his novel *Innsirkling* (*Encirclement*).**

### SYNOPSIS

*Encirclement* is a novel that covers a broad and deep spectrum, both psychologically and sociologically. David can not remember who he is. A notice in the newspaper encourages acquaintances and friends to write him letters so he can start remembering. The letters create a network of texts where the lives of David, the writers, and others, are rewritten and reassessed. The letters were written in 2006, but concentrate on the past. This way, false perspectives are created, whether they focus on adolescent dreams, the ambitions of artists, or people's plans for the future. It's a story about what happened to one generation of Norwegians, about gender roles and the search for popularity and identity. It's also about questions of what is a life and how is a life story created under the influence of other people's stories?



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Kjære David.

Eg sat på bussen på veg til hytta vår da eg las at du hadde mista hukommelsen, og da eg hadde komme meg over sjokket og begynte å tenke på korleis eg kunne hjelpe deg til å hugse, var det eit minne som dukka opp gong etter gong utan at eg heilt skjønnte kvifor, og som eg har bestemt meg for å begynne dette brevet med.

*Dear David*

*I sat on the bus on the way to the cottage when I read that you had lost your memory, and when I got over the shock and started to think about how I could help you to remember again, without my quite understanding why, one memory kept coming back to me, a memory I have decided to start my letter with.*  
 (Translated by May-Brit Akerholt)




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**POLAND**


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**Jacek Dukaj****LÓD****ICE**Wydawnictwo Literackie,  
2007**BIOGRAPHY**

**Jacek Dukaj (born in 1974) studied philosophy at Jagiellonian University. He debuted at the age of 16 with a short story *Złota Galera (Golden Galley)*. He is known for the complexity of his books containing many ideas, which often can be classified as hard science fiction.**

**SYNOPSIS**

The story takes place in an alternative universe where the First World War never occurred, and Poland is still under Russian rule. Following the Tunguska event, the Ice, a mysterious form of matter, has covered parts of Siberia in Russia and started expanding outwards, reaching Warsaw. This results in an extreme drop in temperature, putting the whole continent under constant winter, and is accompanied by *Lute*, angels of Frost - a form of being which appears to be a native inhabitant of Ice. Under the influence of the Ice, iron turns into *zimnazo* (cold iron), a material with extraordinary physical properties, which results in the creation of a new branch of industry. Moreover, the Ice freezes History and Philosophy, preserving the old political regime, affecting human psychology and changing the laws of logic from the many-valued logic of 'Summer' to the two-valued logic of 'Winter' with no intermediate steps between True and False.

“

**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

14 lipca 1924 roku, gdy przyszli po mnie czynownicy Ministerjum Zimy, wieczorem tego dnia, w wigilję syberjady, dopiero wtedy zacząłem podejrzewać, że nie istnieje.

*On the fourteenth day of July 1924, when the chinovniks from the Ministry of Winter came for me, in the evening of that day, on the eve of the Sibiriade, only then did I begin to suspect that I did not exist.*

*(Translated by Stanley Bill)* ”

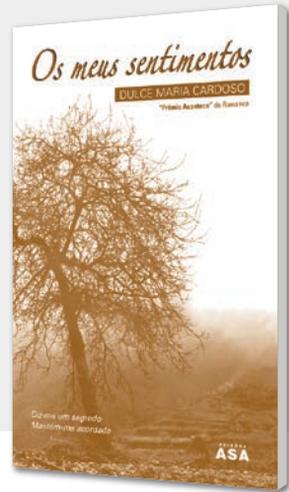


## PORTUGAL

**Dulce Maria Cardoso**

### **Os Meus Sentimentos** *Les Anges, Violeta*

Asa Editores, 2005



### BIOGRAPHY

Dulce was born in **Tras-os-Montes, in 1964. She graduated from the Law Faculty of the University of Lisbon; she wrote screenplays and short stories. She kept on writing and enjoying uselessness. She lives in Lisbon. Her first novel, *Campo de Sangue*, published in 2002 and written with the support of a Fund of Literary Creation, from the Portuguese Culture Ministry, was distinguished with the Grand Prize 'Acontece de Romance'.**

### SYNOPSIS

The night of the accident. There is a drop of water hanging from a piece of glass that refuses to fall. Violeta plunges into that eternity and thinks about what the last day of her life could have been like. She feels the urgency of life that carries on indifferent like the road that she veered off during the accident. In her unstable position, upside down, trapped by her seat belt, it appears that everything is coming undone. Losing the obscurity that daily life presents, Violeta sinks into her past, a hallucinating spiral of transparencies and echoes. Violeta turns a corner (or is it a page?) and the revolution of April interrupts, brandishing its anger. She opens a door (perhaps a paragraph) of an empty house and her mother calls for her when her father descends into madness out in the yard. A man chokes the desire from her body (comma, for sure) and the girl with the roller skates glides in front of the daughter who loses her life. The maid, as always, is silent.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Inesperadamente

não devia ter saído de casa, não devia ter saído de casa, não devia ter saído de casa, durante algum tempo, segundos, horas, não sou capaz de mais nada, [...]

*sans crier gare*

*je n'aurais pas dû partir, je n'aurais pas dû partir, je n'aurais pas dû partir, pendant quelque temps, quelques secondes, quelques heures, je ne suis capable de rien d'autre, [...]*

(Translated by Cecile Lombard)



## SLOVAKIA

### Pavol Rankov Stalo sa prvého septembra (alebo inokedy)

*It Happened on  
September the First  
(or whenever)*

Kalligram, 2008



## BIOGRAPHY

Pavol Rankov (1964) is a writer of prose fiction, essayist, journalist, information scientist and university pedagogue. He studied library science at the Philosophical Faculty of Bratislava's Comenius University. He worked as a methodologist in the Slovak National Library in Martin and in the Slovak Pedagogic Library in Bratislava. Since 1993, he has worked at the Department of Library Science and Scientific Information at Comenius University in Bratislava.

## SYNOPSIS

On September 1, 1938, at a fashionable swimming pool in Levice in the centre of Europe, three thirteen-year-old adolescents decided to compete in a swimming competition to win a claim over a Slovak blonde, Maria. The three friends' contest for love is repeated in virtually every year of the novel's progress, but the race never ends in victory. The novel rushes its characters onward through political tribulations, but never allows them to finish the fateful race. Even though the characters' lives are filled with incredible events, they are never filled with the most sacred emotion of them all – love. Nobody wins Maria and Maria, the most innocent, loses all.



## ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Prvého septembra bola sobota. Ján si na tento dátum preložil poslednú skúšku z letného semestra. Vstal z lavice, v ktorej si robil prípravu, a sadol si na stoličku oproti katedre.

*The first of September was a Saturday. Jan had postponed his last summer term exam until this date. He got up from the desk where he had been preparing his notes and sat down on the chair in front of the examiner's table.*  
(Translated by Heather Trebaticka)




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**SWEDEN**


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**Helena Henschen**  
**I skuggan av ett  
 brott**  
*The Shadow of a  
 Crime*

Brombergs, 2004


**BIOGRAPHY**

**Helena Henschen was born in 1940 and raised in Stockholm. She has an artistic background and has worked as a graphic designer. Henschen has both written and illustrated children's books and she was one of the founders of the famous Swedish design company Mah-Jong.**

**SYNOPSIS**

The book is a mixture of fact and fiction and is an attempt to understand both the taboo that arose within the family in relation to the von Sydow murders, and also why Fredrik von Sydow committed the murders. On March 7, 1932, his father Hjalmar and two maids were found dead in the family residence in Stockholm, all bludgeoned to death with an iron bar. Even though the police soon came to suspect the son, Fredrik, it took a few hours before they were able to locate him. Fredrik had taken a taxi with his wife Ingun to Uppsala where they entered the restaurant of Hotel Gillet. When the police eventually arrived at the restaurant, Fredrik von Sydow shot and killed his wife and himself.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Christian Fredrik Viktor Albert von Sydow, 23 år, född 4/6 1908, cirka 178 cm lång, smärt, avlångt något pussigt ansikte, cendré med å högra sidan benat hår, gråblå ögon, ganska stor, något inåtböjd näsa med ett snett övergående ärr, ordinär mun och dito haka samt ett mindre men djupt ärr å underkakens högra sida, iklädd troligen svart kavaj, randiga byxor, vit krage, svart slips, ljusgrå överrock och svart styv hatt.

*Christian Fredrik Viktor Albert von Sydow, aged 23 years; date of birth June 4, 1908; height approximately 178 cm; slim build; face longish, somewhat bloated; hair light brown, parted on right; eyes grey-blue; nose fairly large, somewhat upturned, crossed by a slanting scar; mouth and chin ordinary; also, a small but deep scar on right-hand side of lower jaw; probably wearing a black suitcoat, striped trousers, white collar, black tie, pale grey overcoat and a tall black hat.*  
 (Translated by Carla Wiberg)

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# 2010

Winning Authors



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**CYPRUS**  
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**DENMARK**  
Adda Djørup  
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**North  
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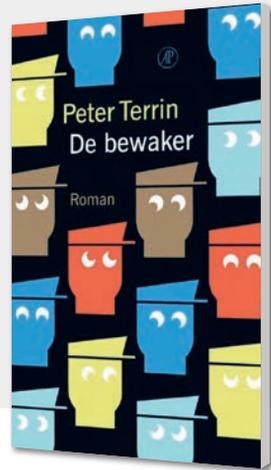
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## BELGIUM

**Peter Terrin**  
**De Bewaker**  
*The Guard*

De Arbeiderspers, 2009



### BIOGRAPHY

**Peter Terrin (1968) represents a unique voice in contemporary Dutch-language literature, touching on universal and highly topical themes alike. Terrin has been nominated for major literary awards several times, including the AKO Literature Prize and the Libris Literature Prize.**

### SYNOPSIS

Harry and Michel have been given an assignment to guard a block of 40 luxury apartments with their lives. They have taken up their position in a vast underground car park, from where they have an uninterrupted view of the entrance. However, they are kept completely in the dark as to the whys and wherefores of their mission. They soon become entirely cut off from the outside world and have hardly any contact with the pompous, rich residents they are 'protecting'. Their nerves are strained to breaking point. The inspection rounds become more and more obsessive.

“



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Door de stilte te verbreken heeft de fietser haar bevestigd. Hij heeft de stilte op slot gedaan. Zijn passage was het geluid van de vergrendeling. Er is niemand meer in de stad, een halvegare op een oude fiets en twee bewakers in een kelder niet te na gesproken.

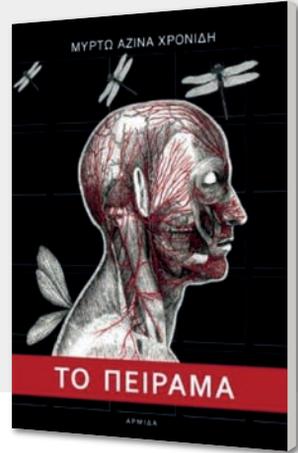
*By breaking the silence the cyclist has confirmed it. He's locked it down. The sound of his passing was the turning of the key. There is no one in the city except a halfwit on an old bike and two guards in a cellar.*  
*(Translated by David Colmer)*

”



## CYPRUS

**Myrto Azina  
Chronides**  
**Το πείραμα**  
*The Experiment*  
Armida Publications,  
2009



### BIOGRAPHY

**Myrto Azina Chronides (1961) was born in Nicosia, Cyprus. She published her first book, *Hemerologion*, at the age of fifteen. After graduation, she specialized in General Medicine at the academic hospital of the University of Bonn in Euskirchen. She has received a positive critical reaction while her short stories have featured in literary magazines and national anthologies.**

### SYNOPSIS

In short, Myrto Azina's book could be described as a study on erotic love and the soul. A couple's sexual relationship forms the central theme running across most of the stories. From the beginning, He and She, the book's protagonists, take a pledge to undergo an 'experiment': to understand the nature of erotic love and their relationship by abstaining from carnal contact to devote themselves to writing. To Peirama's peculiar, subtly connected narrative houses a collection of tales that lean towards the structure of a synthetic prose piece, neither novella nor novel. Consequently, the book is an original work, which does not fit easily within any traditional genre of creative prose.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Εδώ και τρεις νύχτες, δεν περνούσε το κατώφλι του δωματίου. Την κοίταζε από μακριά, που είχε απλωμένα τα χαρτιά της, στοιβαγμένα τα βιβλία και τα μολύβια πάνω στο κρεβάτι τους και το παράθυρο ανοικτό στο καταχειμώνα, να βλέπει, λέει, το φεγγάρι.

*Three nights now he wouldn't cross the threshold into the bedroom. He watched from a distance — how she had spread out her papers, piled up her books and pencils on their bed, with the window open in the dead of winter so she could see, as she would say, the moon.*

*(Translated by Irena Ioannides)*

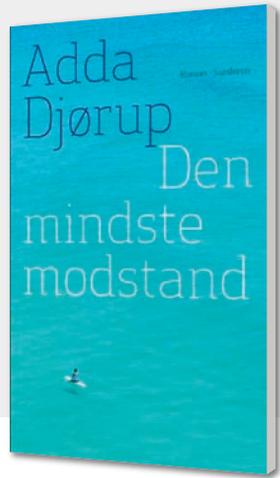



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**DENMARK**


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**Adda Djørup**  
**Den mindste modstand**  
*The least resistance*  
 Samleren, 2009

**BIOGRAPHY**

**Adda Djørup (1972) made her authorial debut in 2005 with a collection of poetry called *Monsieurs monologer*. Her work revolves around existential themes with a twist of humour. All three of her publications have been praised by Danish critics. She holds a BA in Literature and, in 2007, she received an award from the Danish Arts Council. She is the mother of one child.**

**SYNOPSIS**

*Den midste modstand* is about Emma, a woman who surrenders to the forces pushing her life into new directions and decides to drift along with the stream. When her grandmother dies and leaves her a wonderful summerhouse, Emma decides to visit with her grandmother's urn. On the way, she meets a very wealthy couple who, like her, are drifting through life. The three of them are at the summerhouse when Emma finds out she is pregnant. What she doesn't know is whether the father is the rich man she has met or her husband, who is currently away in Australia. The key characteristic of the novel is its language: everything, no matter whether speaking about the lighter or heavier aspects of life, is described with the same unsentimental, natural and reflective tone.

**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Landet lå badet i sol.  
 Bølgende marker, kører på  
 græs og grønne løvtræer,  
 der skummede livskraftigt  
 mod himlen, bød sig til langs  
 deres rute.

*The country lay bathed  
 in sunshine. Undulating  
 meadows, grazing cows and  
 green deciduous trees frothing  
 vigorously to the sky displayed  
 their charm along their route.*

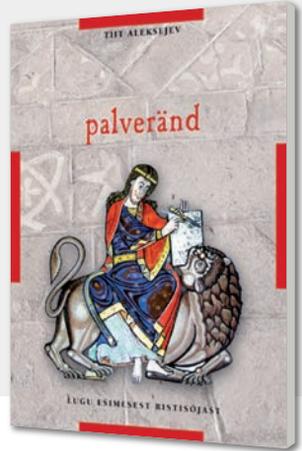
*(Translated by Walton Glyn Jones)*





## ESTONIA

**Tiit Aleksejev**  
**Palveränd**  
*The Pilgrimage*  
 Varrak, 2008



### BIOGRAPHY

**Tiit Aleksejev (1968) graduated from the University of Tartu with a master's degree in Medieval History. He has worked as a diplomat in Paris and Brussels, and currently lives in Tallinn. His first short story, *Tartu rahu*, won the annual award from the literary magazine Looming in 1999. His first novel, *Valge kuningriik*, was awarded the Betti Alver Prize in 2006 for best debut novel.**

### SYNOPSIS

*Palveränd* is Tiit Aleksejev's second novel, set in the last years of the 11th century. Dieter is a young man-at-arms, bound for Palestine with the Count of Toulouse's army to conquer it from infidels. Although on the surface an adventure novel, *Palveränd* is above all a meditation on human loyalty, betrayal, love and treachery. Dieter becomes involved in the Crusades as someone who is neither really a horseman, nor a priest, nor an ordinary civilian. Without belonging anywhere, he is able to move between different adventures and environments.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

“ Mu nimi on Dieter. Kunagi olin ma keegi teine, aga sel ei ole enam tähendust. Maa, kust ma pärit olen, ei ole enam endine ja inimesed, kes mind mäletasid, on surnud.

*My name is Dieter. Once I was someone else, but that is of no consequence. The country I come from is no longer the one it was and the people who remembered me are dead.*

*(Translated by Christopher Moseley)* ”




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**FINLAND**


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**Riku Korhonen**  
**Lääkäriromaani**  
*Doctor Novel*  
 Sammakko, 2008


**BIOGRAPHY**

**Riku Korhonen (1972) made his literary debut in 2003 and has quickly established himself as one of the central Finnish modern writers. He became a full-time writer and columnist, he worked as a Finnish teacher in high-school and as a lecturer of creative writing at the University of Turku. His debut novel, *Kahden ja yhden yön tarinoita*, won the Literary Award of Helsingin Sanomat in 2003. His second novel, *Lääkäriromaani*, won the Kalevi Jäntti prize for young authors.**

**SYNOPSIS**

*Lääkäriromaani* is a masterful depiction of love, death, and politics. It tells the story of four entangled destinies at the frontier of an empire. In Iraq, Western troops are promising to guide its people to the path of democracy and capitalism. But, far away from these battles, in a Northern European coastal city, university researcher Niklas spends much time drinking and worrying over his girlfriend Inna, whose father is dying of cancer. One night, Niklas sees a vision that transforms him. He believes he has found a cure for the cause of his beloved Inna's worries. But Niklas must face the fact that the consequences of his procedures aren't always easy to foretell.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Synnyin vuonna 1972 kaksilapsiseen keskiluokkaiseen perheeseen, jossa vanhempien poliittiset mielipiteet ilmensivät syvää kiintymystä epäpoliittiseen elämäntapaan.

*I was born in 1972 into a middle-class two-child family in which my parents' political opinions espoused a profound attachment to the non-political way of life. (Translated by David Hackston)*



## NORTH MACEDONIA

### Goce Smilevski **Сестрата на Зигмунд Фројд** *Sigmund Freud's sister*

Kultura, 2007



### BIOGRAPHY

Goce Smilevski (1975) was born in Skopje, Macedonia. He was educated at the Sts Kiril and Metodij University in Skopje, at Charles University in Prague and at the Central European University in Budapest. He is the author of the novels *The Planet of Inexperience*, *Conversation with Spinoza* and *Sigmund Freud's Sister*. He won the Macedonian Novel of the Year Award in 2003 for *Conversation with Spinoza*. In 2006, he was also awarded the Central European Initiative Fellowship for young European authors.

### SYNOPSIS

*Sigmund Freud's Sister* by Goce Smilevski is a novel told from the point of view of Adolfina, one of Sigmund Freud's sisters. It is a personal story that mirrors the rise and fall of the era that begins with optimism in the middle of the 19th Century and ends with the Holocaust in the Second World War. Set in Vienna, the novel portrays the relations within the Freud family, especially those of Sigmund Freud with his mother Amalia and his father Jacob that could be seen as the soil from which grew Freud's ideas on dreams, the Oedipus complex and the death instinct. Its narrative structure relates a recollection of memories, which draw upon the interplay between the life of the Freud family and the theory of psychoanalysis, as well as between dreams and reality. *Sigmund Freud's Sister* shows how the search for lost time as Adolfina grows from a girl to an old woman, is a search for truth. It is a search that does not result in a simple listing of memories, but instead reveals a story about self-understanding spanning from her childhood to her last days in the Theresienstadt concentration camp in 1942.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

“Адолфина... Спиеш?” “Будна сум,” реков. До мене на креветот лежеше сестра ми Паулина. “Колку е часот?” “Сигурно поминала полноќта.” Сестра ми се будеше секоја нок и секогаш со исти зборови во мракот на сабата ја започнуваше истата приказна.

*“Adolphina, are you asleep?” “I’m awake,” I said. My sister Paulina was lying beside me in the bed. “What’s the time?” “Certainly past midnight.” My sister woke up every night and always began the same story with the same words in the darkness of the room. (Translated by Graham W. and Peggy Reid)*




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**GERMANY**


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**Iris Hanika**  
**Das Eigentliche**  
*The Bottom Line*

Droschl Verlag, 2010


**BIOGRAPHY**

Iris Hanika (1962) studied **Universal and Comparative Literature in Berlin**. She wrote her first book in 1989. She was one of the first freelancers to work on the **Berlin Pages**, a daily supplement for the German capital in the **Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung**.

**SYNOPSIS**

To Hans Frambach, what matters most are the crimes of the Nazi-era that have made him suffer. It is because of these concerns that he chose to work as a registrar in the Institute for History Management. To his best friend Graziela too, it is the inconceivability of the past that matters – that is, until she meets a man who covets her. From then on, carnal desires take precedence. As the story progresses, it deals with the extent to which history plays a role in their lives. Can one hold the Nazi past responsible for everything? Is it not simply their inability for happiness that makes Hans and Graziela such strange figures?


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Neue Woche, altes Unglück. Er fuhr mit dem Aufzug in den sechzehnten Stock des Instituts für Vergangenheitsbewirtschaftung hinauf, hielt seine Mitarbeiterplastikkarte auf die dafür vorgesehene Fläche neben dem Eingang, bis er ein leises Klicken hörte, öffnete die Tür des Archivs und trat in den ihm vertrauten Empfangsraum hinein, einen Kubus aus kaltem Licht

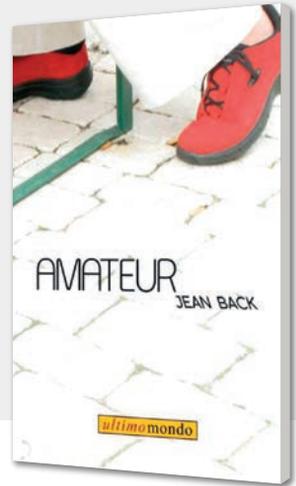
*New week, same old misery. He took the lift to the sixteenth floor of the Institute for the Management of the Past, held his plastic employee-card against the card-reader next to the entrance till he heard a soft click, opened the door to the archive and stepped into the familiar reception area, a cube of cold light.*

*(Translated by Steph Morris)*



## LUXEMBOURG

**Jean Back**  
**Amateur**  
*Ultimomondo, 2009*



### BIOGRAPHY

**Jean Back (1953) was born in the industrial city of Dudelange. After finishing secondary education in Esch-Alzette, he became a civil servant, first at the Ministry of Labour, then at the Ministry of Culture. Since 1989, he has overseen the Centre National de l'Audiovisuel in Dudelange. In addition to his strong commitment to visual arts, in 2003 Jean Back turned to literature with *Wollekestol*, a tribute to his hometown and its steel industry.**

### SYNOPSIS

The narrator comes across a short story he wrote in 1971 as an eighteen-year-old student. He rewrites the initial story and combines it with the memory of a love story, the heroine of which is Rosa, a young girl from Germany. Jean Back's text does not use a straightforward storytelling style but deploys the complex composition of a 'polylogue'. The different voices do not gain an absolute meaning but a relative one, with the sense of the piece coming through the intertextual gaps. Back's fictional ideas extend outwards to contain much reflection on the opportunities and risks of literary writing.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Vor drei Jahren: die Fotos vom Mai 68 auf den Titelseiten der Zeitungen, Aufruhr in der Sorbonne, Streiks in Nanterre, Sartre, Schlagwörter, Riesendemos, die verkohlten Autos und Cohn-Bendit, der den CRS ins Visier lachte... ich hatte damals den Eindruck, Luxemburg würde in den nächsten Monaten von Studenten überfallen, und ich fand plötzlich, dass brennende Barrikaden und fliegende Kappsteng der chicken *Groussgaass* sehr gut anstehen würden.

*Three years ago: the pictures of May 1968 on the covers of newspapers, riots at the Sorbonne, strikes in Nanterre, Sartre, slogans, mass demonstrations, burned-out cars and Cohn-Bendit laughing the CRS into their visors... back then, I had the impression that in the next months Luxembourg would be invaded by students and I suddenly thought that burning barricades and flying paving stones would suit our fashionable high street Groussgaass very well.*  
 (Translated by Sandra Schmit)

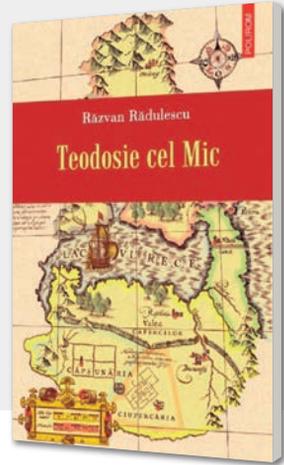



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**ROMANIA**


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**Răzvan Rădulescu**  
**Teodosie cel Mic**  
*Theodosius the Small*  
 Polirom, 2006


**BIOGRAPHY**

Răzvan Rădulescu (1969) was a member of *Letters*, one of the most important training centers for young writers, led by another famous author, Mircea Cărtărescu. His second novel, *Teodosie cel Mic*, was received with enthusiasm.

**SYNOPSIS**

The geography of Romania is transformed: borders are jumbled in such a way that new historic roots are formed in the resulting territories. Within a fantastical version of Wallachia, we find miniature kingdoms, containing both familiar contemporary localities and places established by the narrative. The novel is about the way in which the events of today's world are transformed by the vision of a child into a fantastical madness containing comic horrors and sad comedies.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

“În ciuda pregătirilor fastuoase pe care Piscîinele și Teodosie le făcuseră pentru primirea Somnului Protector (întreaga reședință fusese înecatată în apă, pernele de pe divane și șervetele din bucătărie se răuceau lent în curenții albaștri, iar covoarele se ridicaseră de la podea zece sau chiar douăzeci de centimetri și filfîiau cu încetinitorul), acesta din urmă, fie din exces de prudență, fie pentru că voia să petreacă într-un mod mai puțin obișnuit, venise în propriul său acvariu de voiaj și ceruse ca banchetul să se desfășoare la umbra nucului.

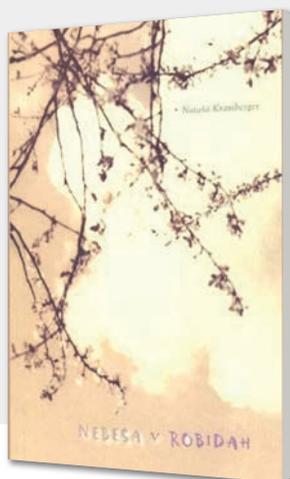
*In spite of the sumptuous preparations the Catdog and Theodosius had made for the Sheatfish Protector's reception (the entire residence had been inundated in water, the pillows from the couch and the napkins in the kitchen were slowly spinning in the blue eddies, and the rugs had risen ten or even twenty centimetres aloft and were fluttering in slow motion), the latter, whether from excessive caution or because he wanted to be entertained in a less customary fashion, had arrived in his own travel aquarium and requested that the banquet be held in the shade of the walnut tree.*  
 (Translated by Alistair Ian Blyth)



## SLOVENIA

**Nataša Kramberger**  
**Nebesa v robidah:**  
**roman v zgodbah**  
*Heaven in a blackberry*  
*bush: novel in stories*

Javni sklad RS za  
 ljubiteljske dejavnosti, 2007



### BIOGRAPHY

**Nataša Kramberger was born in 1983 in Maribor. She won the Slovenian young authors prize in 2006 and her book *Nebesa v robidah* was nominated for the Kresnik Prize as Slovenia's best novel of the year in 2008.**

**She then won the international short story competition, A Sea of Words, and the Young Euro Connect prize. She works as a freelance writer and journalist. In 2009, she founded the eco-art collective Green Central, where she promotes ecology and art.**

### SYNOPSIS

*Nebesa v robidah* is described as “a novel in stories”, consisting of multiple fragments and events that come to life without introduction or explanation. Its main character is Jana, a girl from the Slovenian countryside who moves to Amsterdam to study. The main male character is Bepi the fisherman, born between the two World Wars in Italy. When Jana, Bepi and the sacred fish meet one afternoon in Amsterdam, the consequences will be extremely unpredictable...



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

“Namesto bicikla je kupila jabolka. Tri kile, dvanajst jabolk, in branjevka se je smejala s pelerino vred. – Kadar dežuje, so še bolj dobra. V Amsterdamu ob treh so kaplje padale čez svet in po pelerini. Mlake so rasle čez mostove in po tržnici. Ob kanalu so tatovi preprodajali kolesa. – Bike, bike. Namesto bicikla je kupila jabolka.

*Au lieu d'un vélo, elle a acheté des pommes. Trois kilos, douze pommes, et ça faisait rire la vendeuse et sa pèlerine avec. – Quand il pleut, elles sont encore meilleures. A Amsterdam à trois heures, les gouttes tombaient sur le monde et sur sa pèlerine. Les flaques grossissaient sur les ponts et sur la place du marché. Au bord du canal, des voleurs revendaient des vélos. – Bike, bike. Au lieu d'un vélo, elle a acheté des pommes.*  
 (Translated by Leni Mérat)




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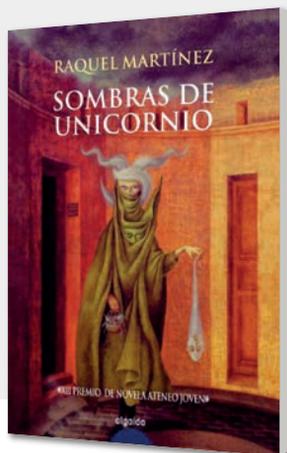
**SPAIN**


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**Raquel Martínez-Gómez**

**Sombras de unicornio**  
*Shadows of the unicorn*

Algaída Editores, 2007


**BIOGRAPHY**

**Raquel Martínez-Gómez was born in 1973 in La Mancha. She has a PhD in Communications Sciences from the Complutense University of Madrid. Her short stories and poeties have received much recognition. She combines her writing with her work specialising in the field of co-operation and development, and her work for the Inter Press Service (IPS) news agency.**

**SYNOPSIS**

Claudia returns to Spain, hoping to make a new start in life, and the first job she lands is in a Madrid cocktail bar, The Unicorn. She meets Edgar there, who is also in flight from a traumatic past and, like her, he soon realises it is impossible to start from zero. Claudia and Edgar dwell in an ambiguous space where imagination and desires roam, and travel between what they would like to be and what they really are. An encounter with the unicorn gives them an opportunity to find themselves, an opportunity that is no less wonderful for being unexpected. *Sombras de unicornio* is an invitation to come closer to yourself and take flight without ever lifting your feet off the ground.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Una duna negra, de contornos difusos, permanecía inmóvil en el centro de la ciudad, abrazada por viviendas precarias a un lado y casas confortables al otro. Édgar olvidaba a menudo su existencia y, al subir al cerro de las Noas a contemplar el horizonte, prefería imaginar un hueco vacío.

*A black dune and its hazy outlines remained motionless in the centre of the city, embraced by precarious housing on one side and a residential estate on the other. Edgar often forgot it existed and when he climbed the crag of the Noas to contemplate the horizon, he preferred to imagine there was an empty void.*  
 (Translated by Peter Bush)



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# 2011

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## BULGARIA

**Kalin Terziyski**  
**Има ли кой да**  
**ви обича**  
*Is there anybody*  
*to love you (short*  
*stories)*

JANET 45, 2009



### BIOGRAPHY

**Kalin Terziyski was born in 1970 in Sofia. He graduated from the Medical Institute in Sofia, and for four years worked as a psychiatrist. At the beginning of 2000, he quit his job as a doctor and devoted his whole time to writing. He became a member of the literary alternative club *Litertura dictatorship*. Kalin is a very talented author in the field of new Bulgarian literature.**

### SYNOPSIS

This collection incorporates 16 short stories. The book conveys the author's knowledge of modern cities, containing a subtle sense of humour and depicting larger than life characters. His stories relate to the mysteries of life in the urban space. But the big city in the book is filled with secrets and drama. It is a big city that offers very colourful theatrical decors, against the background of which deep and strange human drama develops. The short stories of Kalin Terziyski are an attempt at establishing a new tradition in Bulgarian prose: a tradition of humanistic and poetical urbanism.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

“ Докато вървим с дъщеря ми по Иван Асен, аз оглеждам къщите. Къщите в София са грозни, защото са стари и старостта не ги облагородява, а само съсипва мазилките им. Затова вървя и гледам всичко, все едно е нищо. Това се постига трудно, но всеки несъзнателно го прави всеки ден.

*While I'm walking along Ivan Assen Street, together with my daughter, I'm taking a survey of the buildings. The buildings of Sofia are ugly because they are too old and their old age doesn't dignify them but only ruins their coats. That's why I'm walking, watching everything as if it's nothing. It's difficult to achieve, but everyone does it unconsciously every day.*  
*(Translated by Maria Boyadjieva)* ”



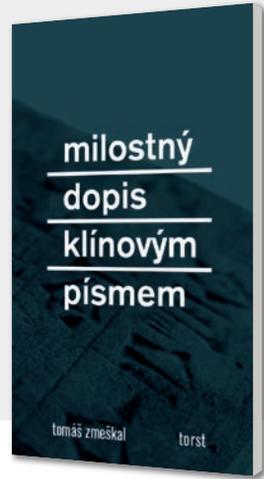

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**CZECH REPUBLIC**


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**Tomáš Zmeškal**  
**Milostný dopis**  
**klínovým**  
**písmem**
*A Love Letter in*  
*Cuneiform Script*

Torst, 2008


**BIOGRAPHY**

Tomáš Zmeškal (1966 in Prague) studied English language and literature. He works as a writer, translator and a secondary-school teacher of English literature. He came to wider attention mainly through his first novel, *Milostný dopis klínovým písmem*, shortlisted for the Magnesia Litera Prize and awarded the Josef Škvorecký Award.

**SYNOPSIS**

Tomáš Zmeškal's debut novel, *Milostný dopis klínovým písmem*, is both a history and a love story, which touches on moral issues, myths and science fiction. The main plot is set in Czechoslovakia between the 1940s and the 1990s and its narrative concerns the tragic stories of one family. The story of Josef and Květa isn't set out in chronological order and so, in the very first chapter, we find ourselves at the end of the 60s when their daughter, Alice, is about to get married. At the end of the novel we meet Josef, his life in danger, in a West Bohemian forest during the last days of the war. This is a work with a thoughtfully considered structure. Several chapters contain stories from other eras and other lands – these fantasies point to the finality and uniqueness of every human life.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Alice se narodila v roce 1950, několik měsíců předtím, než otce zatkli, odsoudili a uvěznili. Nic z toho si ale Alice nepamatovala, to všechno znala jen z vyprávění a ze vzpomínek příbuzných.

*Alice was born in the year 1950, a few months before her father was arrested, convicted and imprisoned. Alice didn't remember any of it, she knew everything only from the stories and experiences of her relatives.*  
 (Translated by Nathan Fields)




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**GREECE**


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**Kostas Hatziantoniou**
**Agrigento**

 Livani Publishing  
 Organization, 2009

**BIOGRAPHY**

**Kostas Hatziantoniou was born in 1965 in Rhodes. He studied political sciences and public administration at the Law School (University of Athens) and made his first appearance in literature in 1990. In 2009, he was selected as a committee member of the National Literature Awards. His narrative works include the *The Book of Black Bile* (2001) and the novel *Agrigento* (2009).**

**SYNOPSIS**

*Agrigento* looks at what happens when a group of people, for whom ordinary life is not enough, meet in modern-day Agrigento, a town in southern Sicily with a long history, as well as one which reflects modern Sicilian culture. The story initially follows the parallel lives of the characters and gradually escalates on multiple levels. *Agrigento* is a book that is a hymn to Sicily beyond stereotypes and preconceptions, but also a hymn to the real life we miss out on, when we surrender ourselves to obsessions.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Στην πόρτα φάνηκε η θεία Αυγούστα. Ήταν η μεγάλη θεία της οικογένειας, η μεγάλη αδελφή της Μπιάνκα. Ερχότανε από το Κόμο, πατρίδα του άντρα της. Διπλωμένη από τα χρόνια αλλά μεγαλοπρεπής, μπήκε ψυχρή, φίλησε την Ισαβέλλα και τους στενότερους συγγενείς, με αυστηρή ιεραρχική σειρά, και μετά, αφού χάρισε ένα νεύμα στους υπόλοιπους, κάθισε απόμερα.

*Zia Augusta had appeared at the door. She was the elderly aunt of the family, and Bianca's older sister. She had travelled to Sicily from Como, which had been her husband's city. Bowed with age, but still splendid, she kissed Isabella and all her close relatives coldly, with a strict regard to precedence, and then, after gracing everyone else with a nod, she sat apart.*  
 (Translated by Irene Noel)

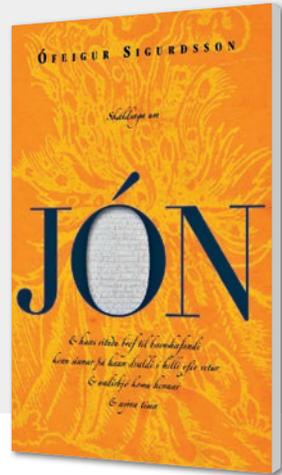


## ICELAND

Ófeigur Sigurðsson

**Jón**

Mál og menning, 2010



### BIOGRAPHY

Ófeigur Sigurðsson was born in Reykjavík in 1975. He has published six books of poetry and two novels. He was a student at the Philosophy Department of the University of Iceland. Ófeigur is at the forefront of a poetic movement of dynamic young creative people, who have recently had a hand in reshaping the form of Icelandic poetry.

### SYNOPSIS

In the terrible winter of 1755-1756, Jon Steingrimsson travels through Iceland, dwelling in a cave in the south and writing letters to his pregnant wife in the north. He is under suspicion of having murdered her former husband and has been expelled from his position at his monastery. The south, however, is not a desirable place to be in: the glacial volcano Katla is erupting, shrouding everything in a cloud of ash, destroying everything in its path, and Jon is at risk of being buried alive in the cave. Despite this, he works hard to prepare for the arrival of his wife in the spring so that they can start a new life there away from everything. But the scandal of the suspected murder follows Jon all the way into the cave and tortures him there both day and night. Very soon, the general sheriff pays him a visit...



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Það er aðeins fyrir guðs moldríku miskunnsemi sem við bræður erum komnir heilir í hellinn eftir ferðina suður yfir hálandið og hingað inn í myrkrið. Að við skyldum lifa af er mildi og kraftaverk; á fjöllumum hreppum við eitt það sterkasta veður manndrápshríðina á Kili; við bræður erum komnir í Hella.

*It is only by God's ample mercy that we brothers have reached the cave safely following our trip south over the highlands and hither into the darkness. That we should have survived is a blessing and a miracle; in the mountains we were caught in the most violent of storms.*

*(Translated by Philip Roughton)*




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**LATVIA**


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**Inga Zolude**  
**Mierinājums**  
**Ādama kokam**  
*A Solace for Adam's*  
*Tree (a collection of*  
*stories)*

Dienas Grāmata  
 Publishers, 2010


**BIOGRAPHY**

Inga Zolude was born in 1984 and received her master's degree in English from the University of Latvia. She has been a member of the Writers' Union in Latvia since 2010. Zolude has had her works published in various periodicals, and her debut novel, *Silta zeme (Warm Earth)* was published in 2008. She regularly reviews works by Latvian and foreign authors. She has also translated poetry by Philip Larkin and Robert Crawford, among others.

**SYNOPSIS**

Inga Zolude's short story collection reflects on different scenes of life in urban and rural areas in modern-day Latvia. The author's rich and ripe language describes a bright and panoramic view of the past, present and future. A very specific pattern of Zolude's writing is her skill at destroying any borders between reality and fiction, known and unknown, national and cosmopolitan. Sometimes it is impossible to guess the place or time that frame these stories, which deal with the so-called 'big subjects' at the heart of human life. Despite that, Zolude's stories strongly reflect the atmosphere of 21st century Europe and make the collection one of the most important prose works published in Latvia during recent years.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Es tieši nācu no darbā  
 iekārtošanas aģentūras  
 Nadežda's Global Human Work  
 Market, kas specializējies  
 sūtīšanā uz Īriju. Es gāju cauri  
 tiem vecajiem kapiem. Es vispār  
 nesaprotu, kā tur nokļuvu. Man  
 šķiet, es apmaldijos.

*I've just come from Nadezhda's  
 Global Human Work Market, an  
 employment agency specializing in  
 emigration to Ireland. I was walking  
 through this old cemetery. I don't  
 really know how I got here. I seem to  
 be lost.*

*(Translated by Suzanne McQuade)*




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**LIECHTENSTEIN**


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**Iren Nigg**

**Man wortet sich  
die Orte selbst**

*Wording the Places  
Oneself*

Isle, 2006



**BIOGRAPHY**

Iren Nigg (1955) studied journalism at the Institut für Journalistik und Kommunikation in Switzerland. She did press and PR work for various newspapers and non-profit organisations and started publishing short pieces of prose in literary magazines. Her first fulllength book is *Fieberzeit*. In 2005, 19 short prose texts by her were included in a compilation of writing by regional authors called *Land Sichten II*. In 2006, Nigg published her second book, *Man wortet sich die Orte selbst*.

**SYNOPSIS**

*Man wortet sich die Orte selbst* consists of prose texts of different lengths, from short, condensed vignettes to short stories and novellas. In these texts, the author's main concern is the exploration of the creative writing process. Iren Nigg starts at the level of individual words, more specifically, the sounds of words. Given the musical quality of Nigg's writing, it is no surprise that dancing is one of the major metaphors for the creative writing process. Plots and characters are subordinated to the musical play of words and Nigg reveals and constructs different layers of meaning in her texts. Life is presented as a screenplay with stages that keep changing, while in the process of creative writing it is always "the heart which is her companion".



**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Endlich! hab ich ihre Schönheit gesehen. Und habe sie gerettet. Zum erstenmal! hab ich sie schön gesehen... zuvor bin ich mein Leben lang bei ihrem Anblick vor Schreck erstarrt.

*Finally! I've seen her beauty. And have rescued her. For the first time! I've seen her beautiful... my whole life I've been paralyzed with fear at her gaze.*

*(Translated by  
Marissa Grünes)*





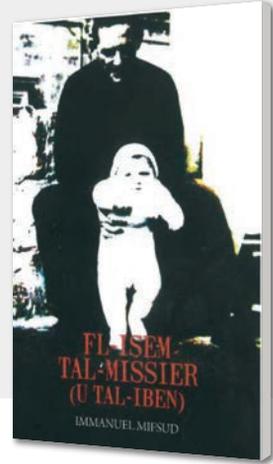

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**MALTA**


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**Immanuel Mifsud**  
**Fl-Isem tal-**  
**Missier (tal-iben)**  
*In the Name of the*  
*Father (and of the*  
*Son)*

Klabb Kotba Maltin, 2010


**BIOGRAPHY**

Immanuel Mifsud was born in Malta in 1967. He has been active on the literary scene since the age of 16. His 2002 short story collection *L-Istejjer Strambi ta' Sara Sue Sammut (Sara Sue Sammut's Strange Stories)* won the Malta National Literary award and the was later nominated for the Premio Strega Europa prize. He has participated in prestigious literary festivals across Europe. Mifsud is a lecturer at the University of Malta, where he teaches modern Maltese poetry and theatre.

**SYNOPSIS**

Back from his father's funeral, the narrator starts reading a diary his father kept during his days as a soldier during the Second World War.. The narrator revisits his father's past to find signs of weakness and displays of emotion. This turns out to be an opportunity to also look back at his own upbringing and especially at the way he had been educated to become a man. The narrator is not only older, which makes him attach new meanings to old events, but he has also changed in two other ways, which both influence the way he now sees things: he has just himself become a father, and he has become a scholar. He has read things that his working-class father would never understand, let alone know that they would be used to understand him.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

L-Addolorata. Fuq il-qabar t'ommok. Minn wara nuċċali b'lenti ħoxna u skura, rajt id-demgħa nieżla. Ma kellhiex tagħmel hekk, imma qabżet u żżerżqet. Hsibt li ma rajt xejn, imma jien kont qed inharislek.

*At the Addolorata. On your mother's grave. From behind the thick, dark lenses of your glasses, I saw the tear sliding down. It shouldn't have done that, but it did; it just popped up and slid down.*

*(Translated by Albert Gatt)*



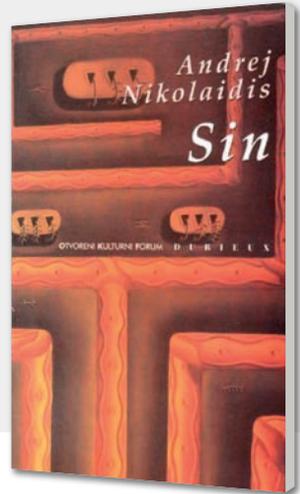


## MONTENEGRO

**Andrej Nikolaidis**

### Sin *The Son*

OKF Cetinje, Milorad  
Popoviæ (co-publisher  
Durieux), 2006



### BIOGRAPHY

**Andrej Nikolaidis was born in 1974 in Sarajevo. Since 1994, he has written for medias and cultural magazines. He is considered to be one of the most influential intellectuals of the younger generation in the region, known for his anti-war activism and for his promotion of the rights of minorities. Since 2010, he has been employed as an advisor for culture and free society in the parliament of Montenegro.**

### SYNOPSIS

*The Son* follows one night in the life of a hero with no name, a writer whose life is falling apart. That afternoon, his wife left him, while for many years he has been in conflict with his father, who blames him for his mother's death. Incapable of finding inner calm, he leaves into the warm, Mediterranean night, in the city of Ulcinj. The hero of *The Son* is a man who can't adapt to new times and rules.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Bio je prvi sumrak. Sunce je ponovo zalazilo iza Strièevog maslinjaka, kako smo zvali brdo sa desetak korijena masline, koje nam je, tih pedeset hektara makije pune poskoka i divljih svinja, zaklanjalo pogled na more.

*The first shades of night were falling. The sun was setting once more behind my great-uncle's olive grove, which is what we called the hill laden with rows of overgrown olive trees.*  
(Translated by Will Firth)



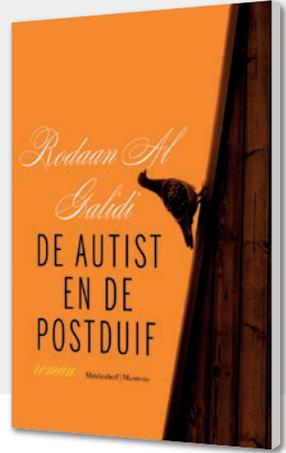



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**THE NETHERLANDS**


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**Rodaan al Galidi**  
**De autist en de postduif**  
*The autist and the carrier-pigeon*

 Meulenhoff/Manteau WPG  
 Uitgevers België, 2009

**BIOGRAPHY**

Rodaan al Galidi is a writer of Iraqi descent. He studied as an engineer in Iraq before fleeing to escape military service, arriving in the Netherlands in 1998. However, his request for asylum was rejected, and he taught himself the language and started writing. In 2007, Rodaan was one of the people to benefit from the general pardon given by the Dutch parliament to asylum seekers arriving before 2001, and still lives in the country.

**SYNOPSIS**

Geert is an autistic boy. Things just don't work the way he thinks they should. He likes to add up things, and combines different machines in order to construct new objects. Through this, he discovers his talent of building violins out of benches and starts a prosperous business by selling them to a German merchant. He combines this business with caring for a carrier pigeon that always returns to him after flying. As disparate as all these actions and obsessions may seem, they still form a unity for Geert, and the reader is permitted a strange but fascinating insight into his unusual, yet pure and innocent, mind.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Toen Geert vijf jaar oud werd, vroeg hij zijn moeder naar zijn vader. Janine stond op, liep naar een ladekastje en haalde er een doosje uit, terwijl Geert al haar handelingen nauwgezet volgde. Uit het doosje haalde ze het rietje. 'Dit is jouw vader', zei ze.

*When Geert turned five he asked his mother about his father. Janine got to her feet, walked over to the sideboard and took out a little box while Geert watched her every move. She produced a straw from the box. 'This is your father', she said. (Translated by Brian Doyle)*




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**SERBIA**


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**Jelena Lengold**  
**Vašarski**  
**Mađioničar**  
*Fairground Magician*  
 Arhipelag, 2009


**BIOGRAPHY**

**Jelena Lengold (1959) is a storyteller, novelist and a poet. She has published five books of poetry, one novel and four books of stories. She has been represented in several anthologies of poetry and stories, and her works have been translated into several languages. She worked as a journalist and an editor in the cultural department of Radio Belgrade, and as a project coordinator in the Conflict Management programme of Nansenskolen Humanistic Academy in Lillehammer.**

**SYNOPSIS**

*The Fairground Magician* tells stories about love fulfilled and unfulfilled, about things that are visible in the everyday world and about values that are perceptible only in exceptional moments. Memories, intimations and premonitions are in these stories infused with a tranquility that accepts destiny, even when efforts are made to change it. In addition, eroticism as a natural ingredient of human life, as an integrated tension consisting of two inseparable sides – body and soul. No matter how common are the situations she depicts, Lengold is in a constant search for the authentic, finding it within sophisticated irony, a distinct trademark of her fiction.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

Baš kad je žena  
 sklanjala sa stola tanjire  
 i posudu za salatu,  
 mačak se pojavio. U  
 jednom skoku preskočio  
 je dvorišnu ogradu  
 i uputio se ka svojoj  
 činijici sa hranom.  
 Tačno je znao gde ga  
 čeka njegov obrok.

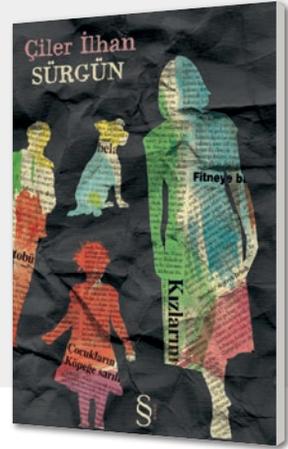
*Just as the woman was removing the plates and the salad bowl from the table, the cat appeared. In a single leap he jumped over the yard fence and made for his food bowl. He knew exactly where his meal awaited him.*  
 (Translated by Rusanka Ljapova)



## TURKEY

### Çiler İlhan Sürgün *Exile*

Everest Yayınları, 2010



### BIOGRAPHY

Born in 1972, Çiler İlhan studied International Relations and Political Science at Bosphorus University and then hotel management at the Glion Hotel School in Switzerland. She has worked as a hotelier, a freelance writer and an editor at different periods of her life. İlhan's stories, essays, book reviews, travel articles and translations into Turkish have been published in a variety of journals and newspaper supplements.

### SYNOPSIS

The stories in *Exile* are monologues by a variety of real-life and fictional characters. İlhan has a wide-ranging and deep understanding of human experience and suffering, and she is capable of expressing the multi-faceted realities of life strikingly and plainly, sensitive to its pains and injustices. Her literary approach is in harmony with Einstein's aphorism: "A formula should be as simple as possible, but not simpler". The fact that the monologues constitute a relatively connected whole is another positive aspect of *Exile*. The succinct monologues form a polylogue. This is a short story collection that has the taste of a novel.



### ORIGINAL EXCERPT

Ben, Han, Anne karnında öldürülmeye çalışılmış biri için ironik bir isim olduğunu kabul etmeliyim.

*I'm Khan. I must admit it's an ironic name for someone whose life was nearly taken in his mother's womb.*  
(Translated by Aysegül Toroser Ates & Nuri Ates)



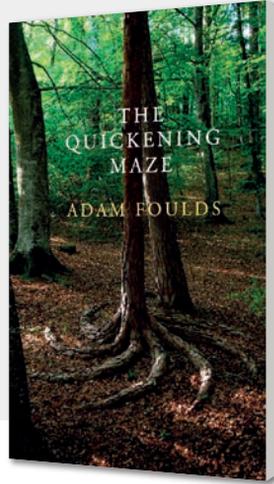

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**UNITED KINGDOM**


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**Adam Foulds**  
**The Quickening**  
**Maze**  
*Le Labyrinthe de l'éveil*

Jonathan Cape, Random House, 2010


**BIOGRAPHY**

Adam Foulds was born in 1974. His first novel, *The Truth About These Strange Times* (2007), won the 2008 Sunday Times Young Writer of the Year Award and a Betty Trask Award. This was followed by the long narrative poem, *The Broken Word* (2008), which won a Somerset Maugham Award and the 2008 Costa Poetry Award. *The Quickening Maze* (2009) was his second novel, shortlisted for the 2009 Man Booker Prize for Fiction. In 2010, Foulds was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

**SYNOPSIS**

The poet John Clare, now out of favour and struggling with alcohol, is incarcerated in an asylum. Matthew Allen, the asylum owner, has recurring financial worries. He hopes to solve these problems by persuading investors to support an ill-fated scheme. Beyond the walls are all that Clare longs for: the beauty of the natural world, home, and the possibility of reunion with his childhood sweetheart, Mary, and his wife, Patty. The closed world of High Beach asylum is vividly depicted. At the centre is Clare's own fall into madness and the delusions that convince him he is Byron, or prizefighter Jack Randall, or even Robinson Crusoe.


**ORIGINAL EXCERPT**

John walked on through the forest, passing charcoal burners sitting inside their huts, ancient things of poles walled with cut turf, old as any dwelling probably.

*John s'enfonça dans la forêt, passant devant des charbonniers assis dans leurs cabanes, de vieilles cahutes faites de piquets de bois recouverts de tourbe, probablement aussi vétustes que les autres habitations.*  
 (Traduit par Catherine Pierre-Bon)



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